

NO. 52

VOL. XXII.

HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1896.



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Por DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Innadice, Billomattacks, SICK READACHE, Colle,
Depression of Sprills, SOUR STOMACH,
Heartburn, etc. This unrivalled remedy is
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MERCERY, or any mineral substance, but is
PURELY VEGETABLE,

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The SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaint are a bitter or had taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rhenmatism, Seur Stameth; Loss of Appelie; Boweis alternately contive and lang Headache; Loss of Memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do acompthing which ought to have been done; Deblitty; Low Spirits, a thick yellow supperarance of the Side and Eyes, a dry Cough often mistaken for Communities.

Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the laves is generally the seat of the disease, and if not Regulated in time, great suffaring, wretchedness and DEATH will conce.

The following highly esteemed personantest to the virtues of Simmons Liver Regulator, Gen. W. S. Holt, Pres. Un. S. W. R. R. Co.; Rev. J. R. Felder, Perry, Ga.; Col. E. K. Sparks, Abbany, Ga.; C. Masterson, Esq., Sheriff Sibb Co., Ga.; Hon. Alexander H. Stephens.

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NEW YEAR'S EVE SONG.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay— Stay till the good old year. So long companion of cerr way. Shakes hands and leaves us hard

The year whose hopes were high and strong Has now so hopes to wallo. Yet one hour more of jest and song For his familiar safes. On stay, oh, stay, One mirthful hour and then away!

The kindly year, his liberal hands Have lavished all his store,
And shall we turn from where he stands
Because he gives no cores?
Oh, stay, oh, stay.
One grateful hour and then away!

Days brightly came and calmly went While yes he was our guest.

How sevent the seventh day's rest!

On stay, oh, stay.

One golden hour and then away!

Dear friends were with us, some who slot Beneath the coffin lid. What phesant memories we keep Of all they said and did!

Oh, stay, oh, stay, One tender hour and then away! Even while we sing he smiles his last

And leaves our sphere behind.
The good old year is with the past.
Oh, be the new as kind!
Oh, stay, oh, stay!
One parting strain and then away!
—William Cullen Bryant.

AT SLUICE CITY.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY BY J. FREDERIC THORNE. [Copyright, 1896, by the Author.] "Say, boys, them two kids didn't hev

no Christmas; but, by thunder, they has got ter hev a New Year. Jost cause they ain't got no mother's no reason they hould be counted out of the deal." "Now yer talkin!" "Right you air, Pete."

"Been so long sence I knowed what New Year's was I've most forgot thar was such a thing." "You don't hev ter know. All you wanter do is ter chip in."

"Bet yer life I kin do that. Mosey

"Them's my sentiments to a tee."

The crowd of men lined along the bar in the little frontier town had soft



and the hat did not have to make a ATTORNEY AT LAW, oud trip to be comfortably filled. Intribution it made a sum that guaranteed saddling and quicker mounting and a "no slouch of er New Year," as Yunk score of men swept down the road to the The "two kids" had arrived in the town a mooth before with their wornout, weary and, as was easily to be seen,

dying mother. She was looking, she in an opening between two of the rocks, a better fortune than was the lot of a Pete.

or had tried his hand at more secular work she did not know, but she had heard that he had started for the had been that the had started for the had started for the had been that the had started for the had started f heard that he had started for Sluice City smoke would issue from those two bits light in his eyes as he thought of the and had come there to seek him. Life of steel and the Indians would swerve woman who had died and the two chil-The disappointment at not finding the sand were warnings against too the husband seemed to sap what little near an approach.

"They won't git them that fixin's of the sand were warnings against too the sand warnings away from him was nothing, she added. off again. Three dead braves lying on dren who had been left helpless on ac-

would investigate, and then, muttering
"It's a shame!" passed on. He had not
taken ten steps, though, until he suddenly turned back, and, walking to the
open door of the cabin, peered in.
What he saw made him uncover his

head and stand staring at the bed. There the little woman lay, and it needed no second glance to tell Pete that she had passed beyond all earthly

The two little tots were standing by the side of the bed, crying and calling for their mother to give them something to oat. But that cry failed to reach her cars. They were past all mortal

A lump came in Pete's throat, he swallowed hard two or three times, and then, for want of knowing what else to do, swore softly to himself.

Pete's experience with children had been limited, and he gazed from the two children to that silent form and back to toward him, yelling and firing with all the children again.

The contingent who were taking their

morning "eye openers" at the bar gasped in astonishment as Pete stalked into morning "eye openers" at the bar gasped in astonishment as Pete stalked into the room with a tear stained baby on pretty ornimints for the cabin." either arm.

"Startin a family?" "Didn't know you was a married

"Was you ever a parson, Pete?" "Concluded ter run up, hev you?"
"You fellers shet up! The little
woman's dead, and these yere two kids is left all aione. Found 'em a-cryin by the side of the bed, on her a-layin there

stiff an cold." An awkward silence fell upon the 'A couple of you fellers go out an dig her a grave while I git these kids

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Flot Jim, soon had them eating heartily for getful of their bereavement. At 8 and 5 onr troubles are but summer clouds.

The camp buried the mother with all the solemnity due the occasion and set up a rough headboard which read: "A Parson's Wife. She Has Gone Before to Blaze the Trail."

What is the trouble my friends?

Then Sluice City adopted the two orphans. Pete insisted that they should be under his personal supervision, and as what Pete said "went" in Sluice City the two children slept on one side of his cabin and he on the other. The Oh, stay, oh, stay, One little hour and then away! swearing, drinking, shooting six footer showed them all the care and gentleness

that any one not a woman could show. He soon solved the little mysteries of their clothes, and it was a sight to bring moisture to the eyes to see the fin-gers which had been handier at a pistol trigger or a whisky glass fumbling at the buttons and strings while the object of his attentions seriously imperiled the sight of his eyes or attempted to deprive him of a little handful of beard. Many a night he had started up in his

sleep, grasping his revolver, at a cry from one of his charges. He was jealous of the time he had to be away from them, and Vitriol Jim, to whom they were intrusted during the day, was threatened with dire and awful venge-ance should any harm befall them. "One of you fellers," said Pete, "has

got ter ride over ter Tucson with me ter git the fixin's an presents. We're a goin ter co time ming in bang up style. While we're gone the rest of you kin git the tree an greens an hev 'em ready by the time we git back. We'll start over this a'ternoon an git back termorrer. I hate ter leave 'em thet long, but I ain't a-goin ter let no one else 'tend ter buyin the things-thet is, of course, onless you boys hev some objections ter me a-doin

No one had any objections to offer, or, if they had, they failed to mention them. Objections, as a rule, were not made to anything Pete chose to do unless the objector "bad the drop on him," and then it was a risky experiment. With the contents of the hat safely

stowed away Pete and Indifferent Ike mounted their horses and took the trail for Tueson amid a shower of parting injunctions from the crowd. The tree and greens had been cut ac-

usual crowd were calcining their interiors and discussing what could have happened to delay the two deputies.
"Don't think thar's any danger of their a-blowin in the dust an forgitten what they went fer, do you?" ventured

"You'd better not let Pete know you made that remark. You might spend yer New Year in a warmer climate The argument that threatened was

averted by a yell from Con Brennan who had been gazing up the road.
"Here comes one on 'em, hell bent Rushing out into the road, called by ourtesy a street, they saw in the dis-

nce a horseman bent down over his animal's neck and lashing the beast furiously. As they, running, came up to him he topped his horse with a jerk and sway-

ed in the saddle. It was Independent Ike, and as he slipped from his panting horse into their arms he gasped: "Injuns. Pete's holdin out down at the Bowlders. I come after you fellers. Must save presents fer the kids. Git a move on. I'm afraid I'm—done—fer."

Hawkins said. The man at the end of resone of "the kids' New Year's," and, the line dropped in a Colt 45, and in answer to a look of surprised inquiry waved his hand and said, "Busted."

incidentally, Pete.

At the foot of the immense rocks, seemingly dropped there from the sky seemingly dropped there from the sky and which were known as the Bowlders, there lay a dead horse with bundles and at the knees and hung in fringes aro

packages tied to his saddle, and above said, for her husband, who had left her there shone the long barrels of two six nearly a year before to try to carve out shooters, at the other end of which was Methodist minister in a small eastern | A dozen velling redskins, hideons in

Each time that they neared him puffs of the sand were warnings against too count of this man's desertion. But the near an approach.

The morning after the arrival one of the denizens of Sluice City, passing the tumble down cabin in which she had installed herself, heard the children crying. He stopped, listened, made as if he

"They won't git them that fixin's of yours, kids, as long as I kin pull trigging here, but fell ill and lay two long weeks in the hospital. The first day I was able to sit up they handled herself, heard the children crying. He stopped, listened, made as if he

His movelence.

"They won't git them that fixin's of yours, kids, as long as I kin pull trigging here, but fell ill and lay two long weeks in the hospital. The first day I was able to sit up they handled herself, heard the children crying. He stopped, listened, made as if he They had spread out in a half circle,



"Well, I guess it's goodby, kids; but As they came within range Pete opened fire. Two dropped, and they were checked for a moment; only for a moment, though, and it would have Yi-vi-yi-cop! Give the devils hell!" and in another moment the government pets were scurrying for their lives un-der a bot fusiliade from the revolvers of

It was a triumphal procession that entered Sluice City with Pete and the "New Year fixin's" at their bead. They crowded around the bar and kept Jim busy supplying their demands. Independent the Pete set the two children on the bar and with the help of the bartender, Viting I and with the help of the bartender, Viting I and with the help of the bartender, Viting I and with emphasis that he "was a badly rior Jim, soon had them eating heartily The "licker" revived him so that he nt Ike, stretched out on a beach,

His fair youth time returned like a vision to him and took him back to the time when he had stood with his father

Maybe I can make an impartial judge clung to his brand! Oh, the perion of for you. This is not the time of year for his tengue! He knew well where he

RINGING THE NEW YEAR CHIMES.

quarrels between brother men.

now showed green from the weather.

me any information in regard to them?"

hand! You're a man, after all!"

the saloon, he spoke, while the tears rolled down his thin cheeks and drop-

ped on to the shiny coat:
"My friends—I do not know what

to say to you—the words choke me

when I attempt to express my gratitude and indebtedness to you. I—I—I will speak this morning from the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, the fortieth verse, 'Verily I say unto you, Insamuch as ye have done it unto one of the least

of these, my brethren, ye have done it

A NEW YEAR'S CRY.

Jean Paul Richter on the Call of Re

An old man stood on New Year's

night in the window and looked with

deep despair up to the motionless, ever

beautiful sky and around on the still,

pure, white earth, whereupon was there

no one so perturbed and comfortless as

he, for be was near his grave. It was

covered by the snow of age and not by

the verdure of youth, and he had

brought nothing out of a long, rich life

-nothing with him but errors, sins and

misery, a wasted body, a rained soul,

the breast full of poison and an old age

"Can you spare me time enough,

Mindless and in inex resulble agony Pete and his companions whirled around and faced the speaker who had he called to heaven: "Ch. give me back had the temerity to interfere in their my youth again, O Father! Stand me on the branching path of life again, that I may five my life over." He was a small, thin man, with hol-But his father and his youth were low cheeks, large, blue eyes set far back in his head and a clean shaven face. He

gone long ago. He saw fireflies dancing over the swamp and extinguished in the churchyard, and he said, "They are as my foolish days." He saw a star fall from the sky, shining as it fell, and then vanish in the earth. "That is I," said his bleeding heart, and the serpents of remorse made still larger

The flickering phantasms drew the creeping semnambulist out on the roof. and the windmill raised its arms threat eningly as if to dash him to pieces, and as his last hours approached the spirits of the dead came from their empty

around the horizon and over the wide landscape he thought of his youthful friends, that now, better and happier than he, were teachers of the world, the "CAN YOU SPARE ME TIME ENOUGH, FRIENDS, fathers of happy children and blessings to mankind, and he said: "Oh, could I was dressed in an old, black frock coat, shiny with wear and showing its age by the baid spots at the clbows and along also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, the edge, black trousers which bagge should now be happy if I had only fol lowed my parents' teachings and ful-filled their New Year's wishes for me!" his dilanidated shoes and a nondescript hat that had once been black also, but

The vision of his lost opportunities came with fearful clearness before him. He could see no more. He restrained his eyes. A thousand hot tears streamed friends, to answer a question or two? I am looking for a woman and two chil-dren, my wife and babies, whom I heard had come this way. Can you give into the hiding snow. He mouned despair, "Oh, youth, only come back-come back again!" And it came back, for he had only on the New Year's night been dreaming. He was still a young man. Only his errors were not a tream. But he thanked God that, while he was still young, he could turn from the pathway of vice into the sunny way of the pure land of virtue.

Consult the Elble.

It is said in Scotland that those whe desire to learn what fate or fortune the new year has in store for them may do so by consulting the Bible on New noon. It is a long walk from Prescott Year's morning before breakfast. The sacred book must be laid upon a table, "Two hundred miles, as I'm a sin-ner!" ejaculated Pets. "An through the Injun country too! Give me yer and those who wish to consult it must open it at random and place a finger upon one or other of the chapters at which it is opened. This chapter is read The next morning the parson mount-ed an empty whisky keg, kindly loaned for the occasion by Vitriol Jim, and, and is believed to describe in some way the happiness or misery during the en turning to his congregation, who, with bared heads and respectful attention, were grouped around him is front of suing year of the person making the

> There's one thing we desire to say Without prejudice or bias— If you swear off on New Year's day, Please remember Ananias. GERMANY'S MONARCH.

A Warning.

Glitter and Display Attending His New The imperial couple of Germany re-ceive their relatives in the black engle chamber, a magnificent room, the walls of which are draped in cloth of silver, while a wonderful canvas, the great Leygebe chef d'œnvre, covers the ceil-

ing. Generals and embassadors, inti-mates of his majesty, are admitted to the charmed circle. Her majesty wears the crown, which a long veil is attached that falls in graceful folds down to her court train, the latter measuring 16 yards. it is borne by some of the "highest ladies in the land," who in their turn employ pages to help them along. The dress material is of the heaviest kind and loaded down with embroidery of precious metals and stones. The empress, like the kaiser, wears the insignia of the

high Prussian and Hohenzollern orders. His majesty is attired in the so called "great general's uniform," with its profusion of gold embroidery covering the breast and cuffs. So costly is this

embroidery that poor officers often hesi-tate to accept the honor it exemplifies.

The costumes of the princesses are not upon the branching road of life. The right hand path led into the sunny land of virtue, full of light, good fruits and angels, a wide, still country. To the left was the anderground path of viee, leading to a black hell, full of dripping poisons, writhing serpents and dark, stockings and pumps, with golden bucstiffing steam. Oh, how the serpents kles. Chancellor you Caprivi alone is ex-

ceived by the clergy in state, while simultaneously a boy choir of 200 picked voices opens the musical exercises, ac-

cused from masquerading after the fash

ion of the eighteenth century. Like his predecessor, Bismarck, he always ap-

pears at court in general's uniform.

companied by a cornet corps. The re ligious ceremonies are short, the sermon not lasting more than seven or eight The grand cour begins at once in the

white hall. The emperor and empress surrounded by the royal family, take their places on the throne, while the throng of notabilities pass in single file, formally offering congratulations. The emperor often rises to greet them with a hearty handshake. Among those thus distinguished are the chancellor and the venerable generals who have seen service in the field. The kaiserin is by etiquette forbidden to extend her hand to anybody on state occasions.

Meantime the thousands assembled outside await the morent when the kaiser will descend and walk to the armory, at the entrance to Unter den Linden. That is a spectacle which no-body who is anybody can afford to miss, especially as it occurs but once or twice a year. Presently the carriage gates of the palace are closed, the last four-in-hand rumbles away. Five minutes more of patience, and the great portals opposite the museum are thrown open, the scutinels and troops of regulars present arms, and the mounted "Schutzmann" thunder their last admonition "There he comes! Hurrah! "Hoch!

The kaiser, marching at the head of the column of generals and adjutants, looks almost tall in his high boots, helmet and the long, bluish gray overcoat with fur collar. He is not as beautiful as his father or as picturesque as his grandfather was, but is of strikingly dignified, honest and courageous appear ance. He looks the typical German relieved of his natural heaviness. He can say sharp things and never shrinks from uttering the most audacious sentiments when least expected. That's why the



Wife-On Christmas day you came around with a nice sealskin sack, and of the resolutions proper to a new year, now you come around on New Year's and perhaps some publisher may see it with nothing but a measly little pin-

A NEW YEAR BUDGET

SOME GOOD WISHES. Howells and Louise Stockton on the Good Old Times - Fawcett on Encouraging

American Authors-Jennie June, Clara Laura and Captain King. [Copyright, 1896, by the Author.] If it were not for the peculiar san-

gainity of human nature, we should hardly welcome the New Year's as completely as we do. But Hope springs eternal in the human breast. The excitement of writing a new fig-

and there is more thought bestowed on

the vanished pain of old sears than the

probability of new wounds. The season is a good one, after all, for every crusty fellow will stop to wish his neighbor a happy New Year's, and it is nothing like as unwelcome as one's birthday. The coming of the new year does not signify advancing age, but merely a chance of better times, a renewal of vigor and a leaving behind of past annoyances and worries. Mankind always was curious about futurity and ready in its search to trust itself rather to what may come than undergo a second edition of past experiences. Hamlet was not an ordinary mortal. We of the busy, everyday world never say in doubt, "Aye, there's the rub!" but go shead and chance it like the cheerful gamblers we are. Win or lose, we must play, and there is always the chance of winning. And so sincerely and gladly it has come to be, "Ring out the old, ring in the

new!" None voiced our spirit better than Bryant when he wrote: Then basto thee, Time—'lis kindness all That speeds thy winged feet so fast. Thy pleasures stay not till they pall, And all thy pains are quickly past.

"What do you think of this?" I said to Junius Henri Browne, "What of the New Year's and its observance, in your opinion?" A reply he dated to me from New Year's day has had an excellent effect

are delightful nevertheless.

JUNIUS HESRI BROWNE. Mr. Browne never fails to keep up the standard of his excellent literary repu-

tation. He has always something to say and can say it in good, plain, well cho-When I asked Julian Hawthorne to among the voters of the different states. pen a bright little something exclusively for this subject and occasion, he wrote from Pelham Manor the follow-

ing concise motto: Make your new year new—not the old year with a new name. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

How much there is in this too! Resolutions run quicker than time. The feather'd thing.

The restance of thing,
Whitst I praise
The sparkling of thy locks and call them rays,
Takes wing—
Leaving behind him, as he files,
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.

Louise Stockton wrote from her busy delphia, which put in gas pipes in 1816. desk after a protracted absence abroad. This is what she calls her creed: To me it seems that one of the great duties we owe our future is to store our hearts and

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U.S. Gov't Report

nemories with the pletures that when we need

nd so comfort and entertain us. Louise Stockton.

The beautiful Marquise Lanza de Mercato Bianca, the only daughter of ex-Surgeon General William A. Ham-mond, dates from one of her residences -The Elm, New London, Conn. -the following quaintly clever New Year's

La Marquise, not content to be famous husband, was in childhood a page to the Last summer George W. Smalley, queen of Italy and subsequently won the famous correspondent and man

foregoing the reason why mankind does lished portraits will illustrate not dread the actual first day of another

William Dean Howells, in responding to my request for a thought of his on Year's, sounds a note of reminiscence that suggests "April Hopes." Dating his letter from his beautiful city home in New York, Mr. Howells says: The new years are always welcome, but I wish we could have a few of the old ones.

W. D. HOWELLS.

You see, this author also confirms the fact that the new years are generally welcomed, and yet he regrets being off with the old and on with the new. The

The following, which Mr. Fawcett sends me from his town house, embraces the wishing element too. Its advice is practical, not unattainable or unworthy under the present state of affairs, or so our American writers aver. It smacks here in its just light:

to neglect the works of those brilliant living men and women who are her nevelists, poets, essayists, dramatiste, historians, and that she would cease bowing homage to inferior British authors, the sales of whose writings (so often second rate and even catchpenny) have already brought hosts of worthy authors in this land to a state bordering on starvation. If I could believe our country capable of striking out bravely on these reformatory lines, I should feel disposed to hope for her the happiest of happy New Year's.

Engan Fawkert.

By way of a change from all the serionances written about the infant year. SEASONABLE ADVICE, TOASTS AND

ousness written about the infant year, the popular army novelist writes to me

SHORT ON SENTIMENT.

The melancholy days have come.
The melancholy days have come.
The maddest of the year,"
When we look aghast at Christmas bills
And swear off on our beer.
When life is real and life is carnest
Push and pull for cash—not heaven.
Hard lines we've had through ninety-six.
Here's to luck in minety-seven!
Yours as ever,
CHABLES KING, U. S. A.

So the captain ends this collection with a rousing toast that smacks of New Year's eve. But this morning the old fellow Ninety-six is out of the way, his infant successor so proudly and admiringly received that it would not be amiss to recall Charles Mackay's well known poem, "Small Beginnings," and all about the "nameless man" and the

"thought at random cast." "Ye were but little at the first, but mighty And so is the new year a cradled thing today, and its might of good and its might of evil lie sleeping in the minds of all who saw the light

this January, 1897. We may, if we will,

move this parent of 1898 to a healthier and a stronger issue than its kin of the LILLIAN A. NORTH. There is a widespread feeling in the night, to connect direct at New Orleans with the Southern Pacific's fast, solid vestibule train, to convert, if it does not amount to a positive conviction, that some of the laws

Francisco. On these cars for regulating the method by which the choice of the people for the highest office in their gift is made have survived the period of their usefulness and o Junius Henri Browne. "What of the conditions of the present time, which differ so widely from those existing plnion?" A reply he dated to me from when these laws were enacted. The insumpolitan New York contained the dications are not obscure that there is a dications are not obscure that there is a growing desire in the country to have the existing electoral plan re-examined, PULLMAN TOURIST SLEEPING CAR the existing electoral plan re-examined, and possibly abandoned, so as to elect the president by a direct popular vote. There is at least enough of this feeling abrond to justify an impartial study of the subject from a nonpartisan standpoint, and with a view to do ample justice to the plan as it is as well as to justice to the plan as it is as well as to ascertain whether it might be modified

> -Rev. Bishop S. M. Merrill in North American Review. An Everyday Joke. Woman (who has been turning over shawls for half an hour)—Well, I don't

so as to become more republican in spirit and to work with greater equality

care to buy today I'm just looking for Clerk (politely)-Don't think you'll find your friend among the shawls. We've looked them all through.—New York Tribune.

The first theater in this country to be That which follows the clever pen of lighted with gas was a theater at Phila-

Twenty-one days are required for a letter posted in New York to be delivered in Bahia.

THE DREADED COSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. T. A. Slocum, M. C., the Great Chemist and Scientist, Will Send, Free, Three Bottles of His Newly Discovered

Remedies to Sufferers. EDITOR OF THE HARTFORD HERALD:-I have discovered a reliable cure for Consumption and all Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases, General Decline, Loss of Flesh and all Condirious of Wasting Away. By its timely use thousands of apparently hopeless cases have With the birth of the new year let the disappointments of the past become the hopes of the future.

CLARA LANKA.

La Marquise, not content to be famous

incommon honors for his bravery and of letters, went abroad in the interest daring in battle.

From the General Federation of Wood of The Ladies' Home Journal. His men's Clubs Jennie June writes me: commission was to write two articles: men's Clubs Jennie June writes me:

The beginning of a new year is not the arbitrary let of January found in the almanac. That is often dreary, lonely or hidden in clouds and darkness. The true New Year's comes with every new and real experience to the human soul; with every fresh apprehension—the equivalent to the individual of a revelation, of a truth or a principle; finally with every conquest over self and nequisition of spiritual light, which means harmony and poace.

JENNIE CUNNINGHAM CROLY.

Gennte June.)

Mrs. Croly has discovered in the Mrs. Croly has discovered in the January issue of the Journal. Unpub-

> Many important articles and striking stories have been secured by Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for publication during the coming year, among them an illustrated paper on "The King's Daughters and Sons," by Louise Seymour Houghton, one of the leading spirits of the great order.





Illinois Central R.R. SLEEPER EVERY TUESDAY AND SATURDAY.

NEW ORLEANS

CITY OF MEXICO RATES AS LOW AS BY ANY OTHER ROUTE



sad parting never occurs unless some-thing "has been" which we wish again. tombs.

In the midst of these terrors suddenly from the tower came the New Year's I shall probably come around with a chimes like distant church music. He sheriff.

With nothing but a measiy little pinder that our country, now more than a continuous continuous continuous and the continuous contin